29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

July 16th
1910.

Monday,

Violet,
why didn't you come
in the other day?
Your prudery is too
great. Scarcely an
inch of flesh was
showing. I could
never have told you
about our visit to the
Dreadnaught. It is new

a dull story. Two
interviewers have been today,
& one wishes for my
portrait in evening dress!
Also what age, a
creed am I?
Do come if; or
let me come.

NYPL

GBS.

T 1

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

July 29th
1910.

Sunday.

My Violet,

I find that the
1st of a Tuesday,
& on that day I
have to go to my
Adult Suffrage: so
that I should have
to leave you as
soon as I had eaten.
Our meeting seems like

the marriage of mountains.
Does this put you out?
Could you have me
another Day? It is damnable.
Life becomes more
more complex. But
pages occasionally
added to the work
of fancy.
NYPL
How fond should
you think you were
of me now?
I saw a bookseller

2

29,

Fitzroy Square,

W.

27-1900

The other day who says
that first editions of
Miss Austen are very
valuable. Have
you sold yours?
I spend hours writing
names like Cowgill on
envelopes. People say
that Adult Suffrage
is a bad thing: but
they will never get it

owing to my efforts.

The office, with its ardent but educated young women, a motherly clerk, is just like a Walls novel.

Beatrice came here two days, with a funeral horse headdress nodding over her rich red face. For some time, I used a kindly but subdued manner, for, as I never read the Morning Post, I thought that Lady

3

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

Bath might be somewhere
beneath a tomb. Strahan,
it was a spinster Aunt—
I wish you would
enlighten me when
human nature. The
deeper one gets. the
muddier it is.

Will you ask me
another day?

G.M.S.

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

My Violet,

Just come a Saturday
with great pleasure -
no clothes - not very
clean - just back from
a political meeting, a fat
on the platform (for The
Sake of my Christian blood)
next Portuges Jew, whose
sweat ran into power, caked,
& blew off.

yrs.

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

Monday.

1910

My Violet.

I didn't know you had gone already
We got back 10 days ago. I
stupidly made my head bad again,
& have been doing

nothing. However, Savage thinks that it will get quite right if I keep quiet. I feel a good deal better, only can't do any work, which is a great bore.

Write & say what you've been doing. Is there any chance that you will be in London?

We had a splendid weeks at Studland. & the third was pretty good.

Yrs.

NYPL

NYPL

March 7: 1910

Lulant Hotel.
Cornwall.

—

My Violet,

I dashed off here & forgot to write. The whole affair is at an end; a without a scratch. Adrian & Wp Grant saw McKenna. He merely laughed at them. I supposed they had come to save themselves. When they said that they wished to apologise in order to get the officers out of the scrape, he was amazed. He

said that it was ridiculous to
suppose that anyone on board
could be blamed for an
instant. In fact, he seemed
to think the suggestion
impertinent, & said that
an apology was not to be
thought of. He advised
us not to do it again;
but it is certain that it
has had no bad results for
anyone. The story about
the Admiral must be pure
fiction.

We came here suddenly -
Nena & I - Christ. We have
had one beautiful day, &
now it pours. I will try
to come to tea on
Wednesday. but I might

be able to.

GVS.